Numb. CXXV.

The GUARDIAN.

——Nunc formosissimus Annus. Virg.

Tuesday, August 5. 1713.

MEN of my Age receive a greater Pleasure from fine Weather, than from any other sensual Enjoyment of Life. In spite of the Auxiliary Battle, or any Artificial Heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy Sky; and taste no Luxury, like a Blue Firmament and Sun shine. I have often, in a Splenatick Fit, wished my self a Dormouse, during the Winter; and I never see one of those snug Animals, wrapt up close in his Fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with Envy, beneath the Dignity of a Philosopher. If the Art of Flying were brought to Perfection, the use that I should make of it, would be to attend the Sun round the World, and pursue the Spring through every Sign of the *Zodiac*. This Love of Warmth makes my Heart glad at the Return of the Spring. How amazing is the Change in the Face of Nature; when the Earth, from being bound with Frost, or covered with Snow, begins to put forth her Plants and Flowers, to be cloathed with Green, diversified with ten thousand various Dies; and to exhale such fresh and charming Colours, as fill every living Creature with Delight!

Full of Thoughts like these, I make it a Rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed Season; and accordingly rise with the Sun, and wander through the Fields, throw my self on the Banks of little Rivulets, or lose my self in the Woods. I spent a Day, or two this Spring at a Country Gentleman's Seat, where I feasted my Imagination every Morning with the most luxurious Prospect I ever saw. I usually took my Stand by the Wall of an old Castle built upon an high Hill. A noble River ran at the Foot of it, which, after being broken by a heap of miss-shapen Stones, glided away in a clear Stream, and wandering through two Woods on each side of it in many Windings, shone here and there, at a great distance, through the Trees. I could trace the Mazes for some Miles, till my Eye was led through two Ridges of Hills, and terminated by a vast Mountain in another County.

I hope the Reader will pardon me for taking his Eye from our present Subject of the Spring, to this Landskip; since it is at this Time of the Year only that Prospects excel in Beauty. But if the Eye is delighted, the Ear hath likewise its proper Entertainment. The Musick of the Birds, at this time of the Year, hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes me less relish the most elaborate Compositions of *Italy*. The Vigour which the Warmth of the Sun pours afresh into their Veins, prompts them to renew their Species; and thereby puts the Male upon wooing his Mate with more mellow Warblings, and to swell his Throat with more violent Modulations. It is an Amusement, by no means below the Dignity of a Rational Soul, to observe the pretty Creatures flying in Pairs, to mark the different Passions in their Intrigues, the Curious Contexture of their Nests, and their Care, and Tenderness of their little Offspring.

I am particularly acquainted with a *Wag-tail* and his Spouse, and made many Remarks upon the several Gallantries he hourly used, before the Coy Female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many Airy Rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pitty pat Step, and scarce seemed to regard the cowring of his Wings, and the many awkard and foppish Contortions into which he put his Body to do her Homage: it made me reflect upon my own Youth, and the Caprices of the Fair, but fantastick *Teraminta*. Often have I wished, that I understood the Language of Birds, when I have heard him exert an eager Chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the same Vows and Reproaches which I often have vented against that unrelenting Maid.

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(Price Two Pence.)